

GRAPHIC

Vol. XXII. No. 20

Los Angeles, Cal., June 17, 1905

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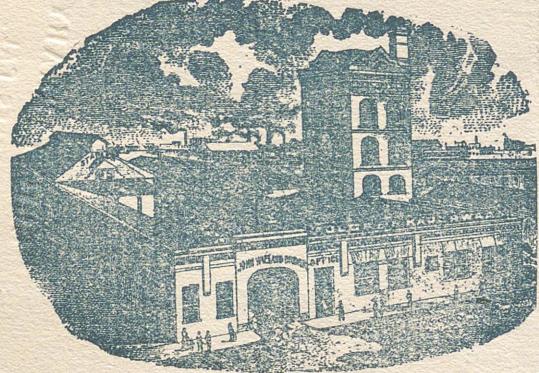
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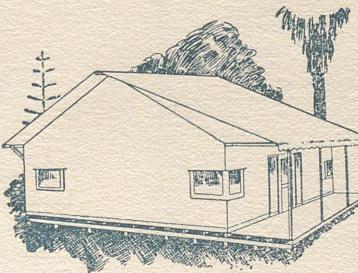
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Matters of Moment

The Theatre and the People

Elsewhere, in this issue of the Graphic, are printed some remarkable extracts from an address delivered in San Francisco last night by Mr. William Winter on the evils which today assail the stage. As these extracts reveal, Mr. Winter, who is the dean of American dramatic critics and whose word is entitled to profound respect, feels very strongly—even bitterly—on this subject. Few students of the drama will go so far with Mr. Winter as to condemn utterly the plays of Ibsen, Pinero, Shaw, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio. Each of these dramatists has produced unpleasant plays, depicting immoralities but preaching moralities. While the highest function of the stage is not that of the dissecting room of the hospital, will Mr. Winter maintain that Ibsen's "Ghosts" or Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is without its very positive and impressive lesson that "the wages of sin is death"?

The most vital portion of Mr. Winter's philippic is his arraignment of the Syndicate or Theatrical Trust, which directly controls practically all the leading theaters of the country and by its power and indirect influence dictates to the majority of others. While the extent of this evil is not generally recognized by the public, we had in Los Angeles, only two weeks ago, potent enough evidence of the Trust's tentacles. Minnie Maddern Fiske is perhaps the most distinguished active actress on the American stage today; the Manhattan Company, of which Mrs. Fiske is the head, is certainly the most able and perfectly equipped organization that has visited the Pacific Coast in ten years. Every theater in Los Angeles was closed to Mrs. Fiske and her company, and they were forced to appear in a barn of a building, in which at least half their artistic effects were necessarily lost. In other cities Mrs. Fiske and the people were still less fortunate, for the Trust had closed every door to her.

Mrs. Fiske and the other Independents have no quarrel with the Theatrical Trust other than they object to be mulcted in outrageous sums by its booking agency.

As far as the plays and players doled out by the Syndicate are concerned, they are just as good and just as bad as the public deserves. If the Syndicate makes larger profits by "presenting" pornographic plays than pure comedies and decent tragedies, it is certain that the Syndicate will not be restrained by any consideration of morality or of conscience. Mr. Winter's condemnation, however, seems too wholesale and too vehement to carry the conviction which a more temperate demonstration of the evils of the Trust system from so experienced and

able a pen might have effected. The plays and players that the Trust controls are by no means all bad. It is only a few weeks ago since we saw, thanks to the Trust, the most admirable presentations of Shakespeare at the hands of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern. These and other "slaves" of the Trust do not apparently find their servitude either intolerable or without great profit.

If the theater has deteriorated, the cause lies in the deterioration of public taste. "Refine the public mind" rightly says Mr. Winter, "and the institutions that depend on public support will exhibit refinement. A pure stage is the consequence of a pure society, and a pure society is the consequence of right education." It is quite certain that as long as the public prove by the returns of the box office that they prefer the trivial, the inane and the unclean to whatsoever is pure and of good repute, so long will inferior taste be ministered to, by the Syndicate or others.

Is It Peace?

During the past two weeks Theodore Roosevelt has held the center of the world's stage. In volunteering his services to the governments of Russia and Japan to arrange a peace conference he approached an intrepid task in a characteristically intrepid manner. The very directness, plainness and sincerity of the President's proposal appealed instantaneously not only to the warring governments but to every one of the Powers. No devious diplomacy obstructed the President's proposal. It was a straightforward, businesslike suggestion—the American method applied with the Rooseveltian touch.

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By the President's initiative, preliminary peace negotiations have already been entered into, both governments having consented to appoint plenipotentiaries to consider terms.

It is, however, entirely too early to feel certain or even confident of the result of the peace negotiations. That result must depend upon the moderation, even the generosity, of Japan's terms.

At this writing it seems probable that Japan will demand the acknowledgement of a Japanese protectorate over Korea, the total Russian evacuation of Manchuria, the handing over of Russian interests on the Liaotung Peninsula and at Port Arthur to Japan, the cession of the railroad from Port Arthur to Harbin, and an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000, the Japanese estimate of their expenses in the sixteen months' fighting.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg declares that at the extraordinary council presided over by the Emperor at Tsarskoe-Selo it was agreed that an enduring peace was impossible if Japan tried to force upon Russia humiliating terms, such as the surrender and disarmament of Vladivostock and "the absolute limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Pacific."

There is a humorous as well as a pathetic note in such an attitude. It is difficult to see how the mildest terms that Japan may propose can fail to be "humiliating" to Russia. As to the "absolute limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Pacific," Admiral Togo has already attended to that. Furthermore, if Russia refuses to accept terms, it is inevitable that Vladivostock will follow the fate of Port Arthur—only with much more alacrity.

The Czar is as heartily in favor of peace as he was at first set against the war, which was precipitated by the Bureaucracy. The Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexander Michaelovitch are now said to be leading the peace movement, which is supported by the entire imperial family with the exception of Nicholas Nicholaevitch, while Gen. Sahkaroff, the Minister of War, and General Lobko, are the only ministers who favor the prosecution of the war. In the meanwhile the radical press which undoubtedly reflects the opinion of the Russian masses has suddenly and significantly changed its tactics. For months the radical leaders have been preaching peace and the abandonment of the Manchurian adventure at any cost. Now they pretend to be horrified that Russia should "contemplate the possibility of surrendering her position on the Pacific and purchasing peace at the price of an indemnity after the sacrifice of millions of the people's money and thousands of lives."

It would seem certain that there is a long and arduous way for Russia to travel before she can expect peace, if she is determined not to accept "humiliating" terms.

The completeness of Japan's victory should go far to insure the peace of the world for some time to come. At the Lake Mohonk International Arbitration Conference, two weeks ago, Mr. Oscar S. Straus expressed the opinion that instead of lessening the scope, the meaning, and the future application of The Hague Tribunal this terrible and bloodiest war of all history will bring home to the nations of the world that no war can bring victories comparable to "peace with honor." But Mr. Straus's prophecy will not be fulfilled for any sentimental reasons, but rather by two stern results of Japan's overwhelming victory. In the first place, Japan is

now in a position to duplicate the Monroe doctrine in Eastern Asia, and by her insistence on that doctrine to turn away the jealous eyes of the European powers from any division of Oriental prizes. In the second place, Japan has taught the nations of the world a tremendous lesson in the folly of any nation, however great its resources and however proud its prestige, of going to war without years of special preparation.

It makes no difference now that his name should be properly spelt "Rozhdyestvenskiy."

William II.'s Ambition

What has been aptly termed "the devouring activity" of the German Emperor has been more than usually conspicuous during the last few weeks. An interesting light upon William II.'s foreign policy and tremendous ambitions is thrown by M. Victor Bérard, the foreign editor of the *Revue de Paris*, who says: "During the last ten years in which I have been professor at the Ecole Supérieure de Marine, twenty or thirty of my pupils have repeated to me textually the same phrases, not dropped from the Imperial lips in private intercourse, but uttered with the emphasis of gesture in the circle of official presentations. And always the Emperor expounded the imperious reasons necessitating a Franco-German entente. . . . The object was always a crusade either of the Continent against England or of Europe against the United States or against yellow Asia.

Always against something or some one. William II. undertook to federate the whole of Europe or a part of Europe, as a matter of fact—his hatred of England being betrayed almost unconsciously in his most insignificant utterances—Continental Europe."

The Emperor's dream of a Federated Europe, of course, pivots upon Germany as the center of administration and upon himself as overlord of the union. Certain it is that in every quarter of Continental Europe the German Emperor is scheming to establish his influences. He has astonished European diplomats by the success with which his cordial approaches to France have been received, and so great is the estimate of his power that the downfall of M. Delcasse is attributed in some measure to his influence. The conference about Morocco which the German Emperor proposed has been secured. The Moroccan Divan will only consent to the French terms provided Germany approves them. In Eastern Europe William seems to be laying his lines with equal adroitness. It seems obvious that he is seeking the position towards the Papacy which France will lose as a consequence of the separation of Church and State—the claim to protect all Roman Catholic Christians in the East.

Keen political observers have long ago come to the conclusion that Emperor William is the most masterly figure in Europe. It is now recognized that his aspirations are to establish a world-wide Empire and to place Germany in a position which will give her a dominating voice in all European affairs.

If Botanist Burbank wishes to confer a real boon on humanity he should set to work to improve the strawberry at the bottom of the box.

By The Way

Angels and Saints.

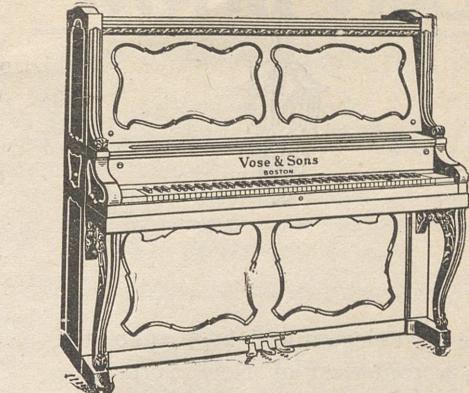
If Los Angeles has seemed somewhat quiet and peaceful this week, that condition is due to two circumstances; first, that the ten thousand Knights of Columbus are no longer "in our midst" and secondly that over 300 of our choicest spirits have been "hitting it up" in Salt Lake City. The three hundred Angels, according to all accounts, have not "done a thing" to the City of the Saints, and such a combination of Saints and Angels was never seen before on Earth—at least. Private advices from a valued correspondent with the party assure me that the Angelenos have had the time of their lives, that the Saints have simply overwhelmed them with hospitality, and that the Angels will return, some of them with their wings clint, some without their halos, and all of them thoroughly exhausted. The indefatigable Leo Youngworth has been the life and soul of the Los Angeles band, says my correspondent: Councilman Houghton has demonstrated that he is no "freak" at the great American game and "Pinky" Snyder has been discovered as a past-master (literally) of song. The Angels have evidently made an impression upon the Saints and some of the impressions made by the Saints upon the Angels will be brought home with them.

One Value of the Jamb.

While the main purpose of this notable jaunt was to cement a brotherly feeling and a business understanding between the two cities, there is another value to such an excursion that is worth considering. It takes just such outings to make men really know each other. In the bustle and pressure of business life men are apt to reveal to each other only one side of their characters and not always the most attractive side. On such an expedition as the Salt Lake visitors enjoyed when men take off their coats to have "a good time" they also dispel themselves of formality and veneer and show themselves to each other as they really are. Notable and unique as this excursion was, there ought to be more similar occasions if only to prove to men how mistaken their preconceived ideas of each other often are and what true fellowship of which there is all too little in this workaday world, really is.

The Chief's Auto.

Some months ago I strongly advocated that Los Angeles' most efficient Chief of Police should be given every advantage, particularly those that he himself deems necessary. In this connection I urged that the City should provide Chief Hammel with an automobile. But with many others I am surprised that the Council should have considered a heavy touring car necessary or expedient for the Chief



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of Police's purposes. The automobile purchased by the Supply Committee but held in abeyance by the Police Commission cost over \$3000. It will require the services of a chauffeur and it is well known that the cost of maintaining and keeping in repair such a machine is very heavy—probably averaging, with the chauffeur's wages, from \$200 to \$300 a month. It seems to me that all that the Chief needed was a handy “runabout”, which he could operate himself and the original cost of which would be about one-third of the big touring car purchased.

Knicker—“What became of Chauffeur?”

Boeker—“He absent-mindedly crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go.”—New York Sun.

A Good Appointment.

The city is unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. J. B. Lippincott on the civil service commission but is fortunate in Mayor McAleer's choice of Mr. Lippincott's successor. Mr. Randolph H. Miner is admirably qualified for the position and it is certain he will devote much time and energy to his duties. The duties of a civil service commissioner involve no sinecure and it is hard to find men who can and will afford to give the time to this most important branch of the city's business. Mr. Miner's naval training and his consequently rigid ideas of discipline, together with his good judgment and business ability, should make him an invaluable member of the board.

Why Mix Brooks?

I cannot understand the anxiety of the Express to mix J. W. Brooks in the deal by which auction and Paris Mutual pools are to be sold at Agricultural Park during the forthcoming trotting and pacing meeting. Neither can I see a very serious objection to selling auction pools and Mutuals at that meeting. Los Angeles has for twenty years been the trotting and pacing center of California. It is a better “trotting horse town” than San Francisco. It must be perfectly well known in the office of the Express that the auction and mutual methods of selling pools are wholly and radically different from the bookmaking method. If this knowledge does not exist in the Express office, the Express needs another sporting editor. Bookmaking has never succeeded on trotting tracks, and it is the only method that is used for running meetings.

As to McAleer.

Neither do I think that Mayor McAleer has been inconsistent in opening the gates at Agricultural Park for a trotting meeting—for this action of the Council in permitting auction pools and mutuals has been the only means of opening the track. When the late City Council forbade the selling of pools within the corporate limits of the city, it was done to prevent Brooks from having a running meeting at Agricultural park. Brooks had expended about \$13,000 in getting things in shape for the meeting, and the Council's action was to all intents and purposes snap judgment, placing him in such a position that he could not re-coup himself. Mayor McAleer, then a member of the city council, proposed that a short running meeting be allowed, with auction pools and mutuals, so that Brooks could play even. Brooks objected to the limitation, because, with no book-

making, he could not recover his money. It might as well be explained that in the auction and mutual system all that the pool-seller gets is a percentage, usually from 3 to 5 per cent, for handling the money that is wagered. No pool-seller in America would have given enough of this small percentage for the privilege of selling, to have made Brooks anything. Finally the gates were opened for nineteen days, and if I recollect aright, Mayor McAleer voted to let Brooks open the gates of Agricultural Park that long. How then is he open to the charge of inconsistency in helping his friends, the trotting horse people?

Dignity.

The City Council chamber was treated to an absurdly puerile exhibition—on all sides—last week when Councilman Houghton tendered his resignation because an attorney in addressing the Council insisted on referring to the Councilman from the Sixth ward as “Mr.” Houghton instead of “Dr.” Houghton and this “studied insult” to Houghton’s dignity was not rebuked by his colleagues. Judge C. C. Wright was naturally incensed by Houghton’s reckless attack on the Orphans’ Home. Mrs. Wright is one of the directors of that institution. But surely it was a feeble method of retaliation to refuse to render Houghton the title of doctor, to his right of which there is absolutely no question. It was still more inane for Houghton to resent such an omission. But when Houghton was childish enough to insist on his title, his colleagues should have been courteous enough to humor him. Houghton almost entirely destroys his usefulness and influence in the Council by his vagaries. He has brains and takes the right stand on most questions of public importance. But he is miserably lacking in self control and spoils his usefulness by “going off half-cock” on the smallest provocation. If he is so jealous of his “dignity” as a Councilman and a physician, why does he not himself take some pains to protect it? He has been the most persistent enemy of his own “dignity.”

Useful, if Erratic.

But I am very glad the Council did not accept Houghton’s resignation. It must have been a sore temptation. The Council without Houghton would be a very uninteresting body—and, worse, a considerably more dangerous body than it is with Houghton. With all his erraticisms he is useful. It will be impossible for anyone to undermine the council chamber without Houghton detecting the dynamite. And if Houghton’s resignation had been accepted, he would at once have been thrust into the limelight of a martyr. Too much limelight has already disturbed the balance of Houghton’s mental adjustment. He should change his brand of dope.

Bobbie—“What are his political convictions?”
Bobbie—“Oh, he’s liable to be convicted at any time.”
—Town Topics.

The Gothenburgers.

William Mead, president of the Central Bank, while traveling in Europe last year, was tremendously impressed by the advantages of the Gothenburg system of controlling the liquor traffic. On his return to Los Angeles he at once began to convince his influential friends of the virtues of the Swedish

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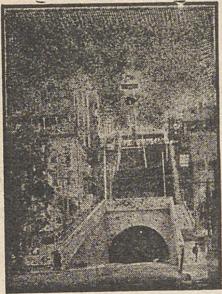
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method. Mr. Mead has interested such men as O. T. Johnson, George Mason, both police commissioners, Homer Laughlin and Dr. John R. Haynes. The Gothenburg Company of Los Angeles is now being organized, with a capital of \$500,000, and already, I understand, \$100,000 has been subscribed. In brief, the company's plans appear to be to induce the police commission to cancel the 200 saloon licenses in Los Angeles, and to grant to the Gothenburg Company the sole privilege of selling liquor at retail in Los Angeles except in hotels and restaurants. The company proposes to reduce the number of saloons to 50 or 60, to sell only the purest liquors, to sell only to the consumer—thus abolishing the "treating" habit—and to give bartenders a bonus on all non-alcoholic drinks sold. They propose that the stockholders in the company shall draw 6 per cent on their investment, and that all surplus profits, which they estimate at a very high figure, be turned over to the city treasury. It seems to me that the Gothenburgers have a very hard row to hoe in front of

them. They will of course be fought tooth and nail by the liquor interests, who regard the system as a confiscation of their property and "vested rights", and will be opposed with almost equal force by the Prohibitionists, who refuse to make any compromise with the liquor traffic and object to its being made a source of revenue. The Swedish Gothenburg system does not control the sale of beer, but the Los Angeles Gothenburgers hope to include all alcoholic liquors in their monopoly.

Birth of the System.

Up to 1854 there was little or no restraint of the liquor traffic in Sweden. In 1855 in the city of Gothenburg, then of less than 25,000 population, 3,431 persons were fined for drunkenness, or 138 per 1000 inhabitants! The civil authority of Gothenburg was the first to avail itself, in 1866, of the power given by the new law of letting their licenses to a company, or Bolag. This was the result of the deliberations of a Committee, which recommended the organization of the liquor traffic on an entirely new principle—that no individual, either as proprietor or manager, should derive any private gain from the sale of spirits. Almost the whole saloon trade—save the selling of beer and ale—was transferred to a limited liability company, consisting of the most respected members of the community, who undertook by their charter not to derive any profit from the business, or allow any one acting under them to do so, but to conduct the business solely in the interest of temperance and morality, and to pay into the city treasury the whole profits beyond the ordinary rate of interest, 6 per cent. on the paid-up capital. The capital required for this purpose was \$55,000, of which, however, only \$28,500 was paid up, and the annual profits amounted to \$200,000.

War Goes On.

Neither E. T. Earl nor Frank James is satisfied with the outcome of the libel suit of James versus the Express, and the row will be threshed out once more; perhaps many times before Earl and James get what they think is a square deal. Nothing can be more certain than that Frank James is a long way from collecting that \$1000 which the jury awarded him; nothing is more certain than that Earl will fight. The trial of the case, naturally gave the Times an opportunity to exercise its powers of annoyance.

Why Gloat? It is Costly.

I always regret that the Los Angeles newspapers will persist in gloating over the other fellow's troubles with libel suits. I say this with full consciousness that I have been in the thick of this pastime of having fun with the other fellow's case; and have had troubles of my own. It is the very worst possible policy any paper can adopt—to rejoice at the annoyance of another paper from this source. Libel suits are worse than flies in the matter of breeding. Some man thinks that he has a grievance—he sues. His example incites another man to sue, and another and another. Let the Times, the Examiner, the Herald, the Express or the Record inadvertently make a slip today and a tedious and costly libel action may be the result, just because it has been heralded far and wide that James has a verdict against Earl. No newspaper that has anything at stake, welcomes these pestilential and annoying suits. Up in San

Francisco the dailies manage differently. No matter that they hold each other in disesteem, or maintain an armed neutrality, libel suits are taboo. Any man with a grievance can sue until he is black in the face—he will not get a line in a San Francisco newspaper. For all that the reading public knows, no libel suit is ever filed in San Francisco.

Cannot Agree with Monroe.

I must respectfully take issue with my friend Judge Monroe that the editorial of the Express which caused James to sue, is *per se* libellous. I have read that editorial several times. It is distinctly dangerous but not in itself libellous. I think that when Clover wrote that editorial he wrote all around a libel suit; which is in itself a newspaper art. On this ground alone, I think that Earl has good ground for an appeal. This observation is offered with a full knowledge that the libel laws of California are more strictly construed today than they were twenty years ago. The Supreme Court of California has given the newspapers a pretty rough deal in the last two decades, principally because the court wanted to land some telling blows on the newspaper anatomy of William R. Hearst.

A sudden death in Georgia is told in this way: "Judge, I guess he died of heart disease, or something or other like that. He was sittin' on his chair and all at once he died—and he never noticed it, Judge."

Wilder's Latest.

California's winter hotels have a hard name among the tourist trade but it has remained for good old Marshall P. Wilder to come to the front with a story which sinks every western hostelry into oblivion.

The Hotel St. Regis, blest abode of the truly rich, is the victim of Wilder's tale, which follows:

A lady entered the lobby and asked to be shown a small three room suite above the sixth floor. The obliging gentleman at the desk conducted her to the eighth floor and there showed her through a modest little suite.

"I think these rooms will do," said the lady, doubtfully. "How much did you say they were by the week?"

"Madam," said the frozen-faced hired man, "this suite is fifty dollars per day."

"Very well," said the lady.

The hired man went out and kicked himself down the hall because he knew that he might just as well have said seventy-five. "How shall I get that seventy-five out of her?" he asked himself.

That afternoon a nurse carrying a small child was seen to go into the three room suite on the eighth floor. Two minutes afterward the obliging gentleman rapped at the door. The lady answered.

"Pardon, madame!" said the obliging gentleman, "but when I made you a figure on this suite, I understood that you were to occupy it alone."

"My two months' old infant is with me," answered the lady, quailing under the eagle eye of the inquisitor, "also his nurse."

"Ah," said the obliging gentleman, "that will make a difference. The price of the suite will be seventy dollars per day."

"Very well," said the lady, quietly.

And the obliging gentleman went out and kicked himself down the hall once more. But in five minutes



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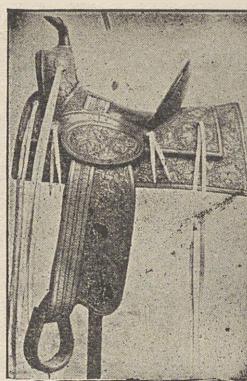
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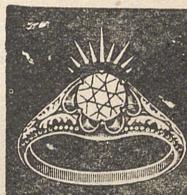
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he was seized by a bright idea and once more came rapping at the door.

"Madame," said he, "there is in connection with this hotel a thoroughbred Jersey cow, registered and pedigreed, imported by the management at great expense. Permit me to suggest that milk from such a cow would be desirable for the infant. The price will be ten dollars per quart."

"But," said the lady, beginning to show signs of embarrassment, "really sir, I—I do not want the milk!"

"Ah," said the obliging gentleman, soothingly, "you should have it! All the ladies in the hotel use

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this milk with the best of results! It is very superior milk!"

"That may be," said the lady desperately, "but I do not use cow's milk at all. I prefer nature's method!"

"Ah!" said the obliging gentleman, "In that case, madame, the charge will be five dollars per day, corkage!"

"The Theater and the Public."

In a remarkable address, first delivered last month before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, and repeated last night in San Francisco at the invitation of prominent literary and artistic citizens, Mr. William Winter, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune and the dean of the craft, pilloried the conditions of the contemporary stage. I am indebted to Mr. Winter's son-in-law, Mr. Fielding Stilson of this city, for the privilege of reproducing certain extracts from this philippic.

Social Conditions.

In the exposition of his subject, Mr. Winter devoted some space to specific designation of the adverse influences under which American society exists. Cynical levity and unscrupulous commerce with popular caprice are, he said, prominent characteristics of our people. "Everything is made the subject of jest. Business methods are tainted with indirection. Luxury is everywhere prevalent. Manners are overwhelmed by vulgarity. Refinement is insulted at every turn. The book-stalls teem with fiction that is either erotic delirium or sentimental rubbish. The public is maddened with haste and strife, and there is no peace anywhere."

Injurious Dramatists.

Of contemporary dramatists, Mr. Winter said: "Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, with his baleful types of the depravity resultant from hereditary disease; Pinero, the English dramatist, with his nauseous images of carnal vice and social corruption; Shaw, the Irish dramatist, with his pertness of paradox, his sophistical immorality, and his cheap, second-hand shimmer of cynicism; Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, with his fantastic symbolism, which is half affectation and half lunacy; and the dire charlatan who calls himself Gabriel D'Annunzio, the Italian dramatist, with his menagerie of wanton monsters—each and all have found a numerous following, and each and all are equally prosperous and diligent in polluting the silver stream of literature, the public morals and the public taste." Of the plays of our own Clyde Fitch Mr. Winter says "they are like creation in the book of Genesis 'without form and void'."

The Syndicate.

"Last of all," said Mr. Winter, "worst of all, and rampant now, all over this land, came the Department Store Theater—the theater that means no more to the public than a factory of soap and candles—the theater that represents nothing but the fang of commercialism and the pot-hanger of vulgar traffic. Materialism, mediocrity, injustice, and oppression here reached their consummate result—making possible the existence of the organization known as the Syndicate, or Theater Trust. That incubus is a group of six crafty, Hebrew theatrical speculators, having its head in the City of New York, and

its serpentine, blood-sucking tentacles twined around almost every theater in the United States, and, at this moment, stretched forth in the effort to entangle the theaters of Great Britain. That insensate, greedy, destructive monopoly, by the simple plan of preempting all, or almost all, valuable dramatic attractions and obtaining control of nearly all eligible theaters throughout the country—either by actual lease, or by threats to drive out of business all persons who deal with independent managers—has destroyed fair and healthful competition, has disheartened and ruined many managers and many actors, and has turned the theater into a monstrous emporium of trade. Acting has become a commodity of barter and sale, like pork and beans. The manager is replaced by the janitor; and the janitor, in order that he may have an attraction in his theater, (whether that theater be in Portland, Maine, or Denver, Colorado, or Seattle, Washington, or Jacksonville, Florida), must pay to the booking agency of the Syndicate in New York a large percentage of his gross receipts, during the continuance of that attraction, and sometimes a large share of his profits at the end of the season. Under the terms of an existing agreement, the Trust collects from at least sixty-five theaters in the Republic, thirty-three and one-third per cent of the annual profits. The Trust names the time. The Trust designates the attraction. The Trust regulates the cast. The Trust has a black-list of actors, whom it will not allow to appear. The Trust absorbs the profits. The Trust sits in New York and luxuriates upon the spoils of the theater all over this continent. At no time in the history of the stage has such a tyranny existed. At no time has the public permitted such a puissance of iniquity to flourish. At no time has the actor been so oppressed and demoralized. At no time has the theater been more nearly on the brink of ruin; for when the theater becomes a bazaar, there is an end of its dignity, its decency, its utility; it sinks to the level of the bargain-counter, and it is profitable only to the button-making hucksters who peddle in it for their sordid gains.

"This wrong, and all kindred wrongs, exist because of a defect in the moral constitution of the public—in the social fabric itself. That great statesman, Grover Cleveland, in a speech that he made last year, mentioned the fact that in the beginning of his first administration there were only thirty odd Trusts in the country, but that the number had, since then, increased to nearly five hundred. Of these the odious and pernicious Theatrical Trust is one—and it is one of the most harmful, not only to the cause of art, but to the cause of public morality, and if the Federal government of this Republic intends to break the tyranny of the Trusts in this country, one of the first objects of its justice should be the Theatrical Trust, because that one assails not only the business interests involved, but the far higher and greater interests of the mind and soul of the nation. . . . It all comes back to the dominance of mercenary spirit in contemporary civilization—the low desire of the worldly mind—the sordid craving for material success."

Frawley's Return.

"Tim" Frawley—that "Tim" will recur, despite the latter day dignity of T. Daniel—comes "home" next week, after more than three years' wandering

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Dept. 5.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, Augusta S. De Angelis, plaintiff, vs. Fred De Angelis, defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the Complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Fred De Angelis, defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county: or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff—will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 4th day of November A. D. 1903.

C. G. KEYES, Clerk.

By C. O. WINTERS,

Deputy Clerk.

W. P. L. Stafford, Attorney for plaintiff
316-317 Bullard Building Los Angeles, Cal.

across the face of the earth. His friends are preparing a royal welcome for him. Frawley and his clever colleagues have been sorely missed during the last three years. For seven years he and his stock company were at least footlight friends of every theater-goer on the Pacific Coast. If Frawley made no fortune out of his stock company, it was

not from any lack of public appreciation, but because his standard was the highest and he spared no expense to give the public the best. I am indebted to his friend, Mannie Loewenstein, for some reminiscences of Frawley and his work. "Many notable stars of today," says Mannie, "climbed their way up the ladder of fame from the historic boards of the Frawley Stock. Blanche Bates, Maxine Elliott, Keith Wakeman, Lansing Rowan, Mary Hampton, Mary Van Buren, Hope Ross, Alice Johnson, Belle Archer, Madge Carr Cooke, Wilton Lackaye, Edward Morgan, Maclyn Arbuckle, Frank Worthing, Francis Byrne and Harry Corson Clarke, are some of the names, now distinguished, that once figured modestly on the Frawley roster. He never spared expense in royalties or salaries to give the public the best in the market. He had the first call on New York managers for reproductions of Eastern successes, and gave us stock performances of such plays as 'The Liars', 'The Children of the Ghetto', 'The Only Way' and 'Brother Officers' while they were still novelties. He was among the first Western managers to venture Ibsen. If he had the name of being a hard taskmaster to his company, it was only because of his high standard which could only be reached by the hardest and most conscientious work, and there never was a manager more beloved or more respected by the members of his company." Frawley comes to the Mason Opera House next Monday at the head of a Syndicate Company. May the time be not far distant when he will return to stay—at the head of his own stock company.

Behymer's Reminiscences.

L. E. Behymer, the local impresario, was in a reminiscent mood the other day while eating his lunch in a Broadway restaurant. He was heard to remark "Well, I'm a Rip Van Winkle, even if I haven't been asleep. Twenty years ago today I landed in Los Angeles and on this very spot vines and fig trees were growing. Now look at the change!"

"There was then but one street car line—a mule car, running from Ninth and Figueroa streets to Downey avenue, with a branch line from Spring street running out to Twelfth and Flower streets. The Nadeau was the swell hotel and the Baker block the finest block in the city. W. H. Perry was a youngster running a lumber yard in which I was glad to get a situation and, several years afterwards I went to work for him and Mr. Wyatt again at the Los Angeles theater.

"Where the Chutes is today large vineyards extended from Figueroa to Alameda street and Jefferson street, out in the country and the border of the city limits. A little railroad running to Santa Monica was the only beach line in that direction, and was known as the Los Angeles & Independent Railroad with a station at Fifth and San Pedro streets, the city terminus.

"There was but one theater, the Childs Opera House, and Mme. Rhea was one of the first attractions. The old Boston Ideal Comic Opera Company, afterwards the Bostonians, was another and Ben Cotton's Minstrels a close third.

"The only vaudeville house was the old Merced Hall on North Main street and was leased probably once a month for such occasions. The only singing society of note was the Sanger-Bund of the Turners. My first experience in theatricals was handling the programs and the balcony ushers for H. C. Wyatt,

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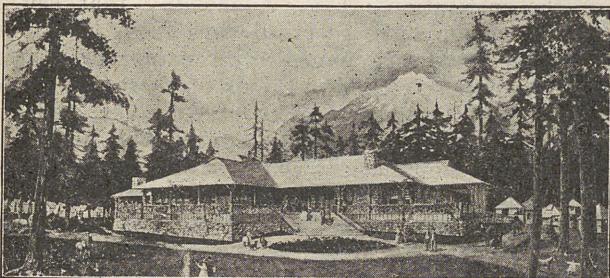
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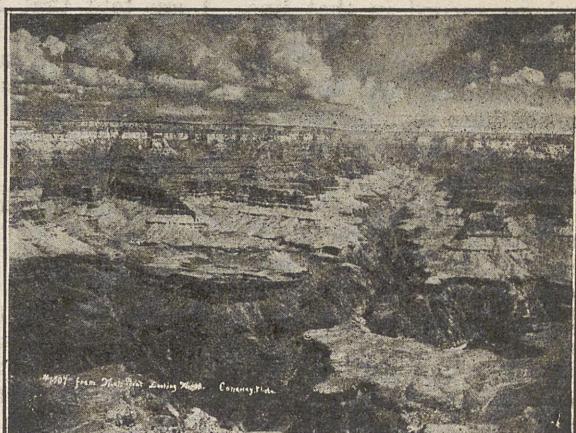
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nineteen years ago at the old Grand Opera House, and I have been with him in some capacity ever since.

"My first press work—and at that time we delivered the goods in electrotypes, reading matter and illustrations, sawed according to the space the three dailies could afford to give—was for E. E. Rice's 'Evangeline' with George Fortesque as the gentle young maiden.

"Twenty years ago! Seven churches then furnished the religious fervor for the city, now there are one hundred and seventy-one. Six to eight school houses were sufficient for the pupils, now there are over two hundred and fifteen. Mamie Perry (Mrs. Modini Wood) was the local prima donna and the greatest in the West. A blacksmith shop stood across the street from the Cathedral at Second and Main streets. There was but one theater—now we have nineteen.

"I would not forego the memories of the past twenty years for any amount of wealth. During that time I have probably made as many friends as any other man in Los Angeles, and that without capital, unless I could call a cheery smile, an even temper and a love for my fellowmen, capital!"

Diss's Good Fortune.

I understand that Colonel J. W. F. Diss has struck a good thing in a Mexican irrigation proposition. Colonel Diss, after the Salt Lake scatteration, went into the life insurance business and made a fine business record in that line. I am told that this irrigation enterprise will keep him away from Los Angeles the greater part of the time, but that as a money maker there are few better possibilities in the southern republic.

Retrying Hays.

I see by the papers that various virtuous and indignant people in Riverside are insisting on another trial of some sort or another, especially for the benefit or discomfort of "Tom" Hays. The Times, of course, seconds the motion with such vigor that one might suppose the General is primarily responsible for this demand. I thought that it was generally understood by all parties, pro and con, that Hays was tried in the federal courts here, under the federal laws, because the prosecution thought the chances better for a conviction than before any county courts. If there was a failure to convict in the United States courts, what would be the result of a trial in the Riverside county courts, in a city where Hays still has plenty of friends? I have a suggestion for Hays's enemies. Why not bundle the whole Orange Growers' National Bank crowd together and try the whole outfit for incompetency, gross mismanagement, general asininity and on a particularly strong indictment for being without the confines of an idiotic asylum?

Capt. Jones in Charge.

The Los Angeles Furniture Company this week opened its new and splendid home, a brief and inadequate description of which is given elsewhere. It will be a revelation to many Angelenos to discover that the very highest and most artistic grades of furniture are manufactured right here at home. Furniture built to order and a domestic product is certainly a unique attraction for any home-builder. I

congratulate the company on securing the services of Capt. Albert Carlos Jones as general manager. For many years Capt. Jones was manager of the old company, and besides being an expert in the business he is a man of most artistic taste.

Not for the Record.

A distinguished orange-grower of Southern California was giving testimony before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, and mentioned a particular kind of orange.

"That is the best orange grown," remarked Senator Cullom.

"It is," responded the witness, "and, Senator, you will get a box of oranges for saying that."

"You will find in this little book," remarked Senator Clapp, when the laugh subsided, "the names and addresses of every member of the committee."

"Don't let this go into the record," said Senator Kean, who was presiding, addressing the stenographer.

Broad Humanity.

Dedication of the Good Shepherd Home yesterday brought again to public notice the quiet yet very effective work which the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are doing. Bishop Conaty gave an outline of the institution's history, showing that seventy young women have received care from the Sisters since the home was opened in its temporary quarters a few months ago. Two-thirds of these are Protestants. The figures speak for themselves, and they carry a suggestion that well might be heeded by Christian denominations that are seeking to do philanthropic work along sectarian lines only. If there is a churchman on earth that is loyal to his own belief, that churchman is the Catholic, and yet Bishop Conaty, with his broad mind and wide knowledge of humanity, is willing to sanction the building of a convent where nuns of the church may receive and care for outcasts, no matter what the faith in which they were reared. The effort is not being made, if my information is correct, to convert to Catholicism every girl who is sheltered at the convent. There is of course no question that the Catholic form of worship is observed, but the inmates are free to follow any line of religious thought they desire, and the sisters still are their friends.

Another Artist Leaving.

E. F. Brotze is the lastest newspaper artist to decide to seek other pastures. Mr. Brotze, who has been connected with the Times, and other newspapers and periodicals, will shortly go to San Francisco. He expects that his stay will be short in the northern city, and that he will turn his eyes toward New York. Like many another newspaper artist Brotze is a splendid chap personally, and I am sure that he goes away with the best wishes of all. He certainly leaves behind him a very creditable record.

Artistic New Home.

The Los Angeles Furniture Company has taken possession of its new home on Spring street between Sixth and Seventh. It will prove to be one of the show places in town. And it will be found to be full of surprises. The greatest and most gratifying surprise is to discover that Los Angeles Furniture

is not merely a name but a fact. The fittings and furniture of the new store were all designed and manufactured in Los Angeles. Another surprise is that the first two floors of the new building do not look at all like a furniture store. The first floor is an exceedingly handsome room of graceful proportions with a gallery running around it, and looks like the hall of some palatial mansion. Here are only displayed in excellent taste a few groupings of the finest furniture. On the right there is a charming corner for ladies to rest in. To the left there are the offices of the company and the bookkeepers. On the second floor, another spacious hall carpeted in a rich, red Royal Wilton, there are still more surprises. The beautiful draperies to which this part of the establishment is mainly devoted are not scattered all over the room but are kept in finely fashioned cases of solid mahogany, designed and manufactured by the L. A. Furniture Company. But it is at the western end of this handsome hall that the Company's greatest surprise and pride is to be found. Here are a suite of rooms designed by Mr. Art W. Harris, whose first name is most appropriately abbreviated. Mr. Harris was given carte blanche in the carrying out of his ideas in these rooms and he has certainly triumphed in originality of idea and beautiful effects. Each room, indeed, is worthy of description that would occupy more space than in this whole article. There is a den or dining room, that while it has a suggestion of Dutch, is unlike anything else—just the fruit of Mr. Harris's artistic imagination. It is finished and furnished in fumed oak, a special process of treating oak known only to Mr. Harris and with very different effects from the ordinary fumed oak. The oak with its satiny finish is relieved by hammered dull brass, producing an almost monastic but most restful effect. There is an imposing reception room, panelled in walnut trimmed with old gold, and upholstered in the richest French velour. A modern Colonial dining room is as fresh and delightful an apartment as could be imagined, but the piece de resistance is the French room in pure Louis XVI style. It looks as if it might have been lifted bodily from the Tuilleries or Versailles. The color scheme is old ivory picked out in gold and pink, while one side of the room is given over to a beautiful piece of tapestry, "Royalty in a Studio of Watteau", the work of E. A. Clavell of Los Angeles. All the ornaments of this exquisite room on ceiling, mantel and window crowns are hand modeled of the same pattern as the beautiful moire silk, with which the walls will be covered. The effect of this queenly boudoir is the daintiest imaginable. Without doubt it will be the most exquisite drawing room in Los Angeles.

Adjoining this unique suite is the art and designing room—Mr. Harris's studio.

The building has six floors, 55 by 150 feet, besides the spacious gallery on the first floor and a commodious basement. The third floor is filled with fine parlor furniture; the fourth with bedroom furniture; the fifth with office and library furniture, and the sixth is given over to carpets, and Oriental rugs.

An inspection of the Los Angeles Furniture Co.'s new home leaves three principal impressions; first, that a furniture store can be made a delightfully artistic place, secondly, that Los Angeles is the home of artistic furniture, and thirdly that in Mr. Art Harris the Company has a furniture artist of the highest order of merit.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

"Many times and oft" have I written to you, impelled by a hopeless desire to depict some of the beautiful things to be seen and had—if you have the price—in this matchless city of shops, but never have I felt so overwhelmed by the splendor of the stores, and the extravagance of the purchasers, as I do to-day.

All the leading dry goods houses seem to have become inflated with a desire to outdo the others in size and improvements. Coulter's new store is a small city in itself. There you seem to walk miles and miles, and can buy anything but your breakfast and the kitchen stove. I did see some lovely new ideas floating around there though—things you can't find in any other place in town. I told you, I think, about these embroidered linen hats they have there—quite the correct, as well as the coolest thing for summer outing suits. You can get them at Coulter's, embroidered and made up, or still "in the rough", just stamped patterns, all ready to take home and hand-work. They turn out—after a short space of labor—into the most adorable cool shade hats and it is very effective to have the pattern on open worked brim reproduced on a soft damask cheek. There's a method in their dainty madness surely. Also at Coulter's you can find an outfit of chemisettes, lawn and open worked embroidery—dear little "false fronts" indispensable for the V-shaped or surplus waist. Little turnover linen collars and cuffs, all ready to be attached to the outing suit are also there in abundance, and in the most fetching designs. Besides being vastly becoming, these linen things have a most rejuvenating effect on a last year's waist.

And the Boston Store! Ye gods, why don't they hurry up the automobile necessary to carry poor wilted shoppers from one end of the new annex to the other? Honestly, it runs the whole block; lined all the way with excited purchasers and smiling, bowing floor-walkers. At the end one is rewarded, amply enough, by a restful view of the famous Delorme

The Modern Suit Parlors

of the Great Coulter Store afford an excellent example of present-day methods of garment display. All suits, cloaks, skirts, etc., are kept in separate dust-proof compartments, retaining their shapeliness and freshness indefinitely, and making selection easier for both salespeople and customers.

The Tea Room

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painting I told you of. There, the village blacksmith holds sway, evolving ever through fire glow and sunset the joys of "the simple life", and all this comes so restfully after a siege at the muslin underwear sale. A visit to the Boston Store is well worth while, if only to see the enormous growth of this establishment and to take in a quiet few minutes with this wonderful masterpiece.

But, my dear child, speaking of restful, coolish things, what do you suppose I was looking at this morning? Nothing more—or less—than a new bathing suit. At the Ville de Paris they have just received for the summer season a collection of the most delicious gowns for the "water babies." Some of them in silk and embroideries are so charming it seems a simple deadly sin to batter them up in the rough surf. I was told, however, by a charming maiden who exploited these things to me, "not to worry;" the nymphs who purchased these pretty seaside garments didn't always wet themselves very much. And the "tights" were simply perfect! I was much taken with a black and white plaid luster suit with scarlet collar and belt. It was made to fit around the hips and had style enough for a garden party. Mentally I added scarlet silk stockings and shoelets, a foamy sea, a distant horizon and—well! "Oh, those foxy summer girls!" The bathing cap which at no distant date was a thing of horror, is now a neat becoming headpiece. The Ville de Paris has a selection of the cutest things, made to completely save the hair, and at the same time to look vastly becoming to the pretty swimmer. This is the time to pick out your summer suit. You know, dear, there is more necessity for care and aplomb in this selection than in any other summer garment, as there is so very little left to the imagination, and to be absolutely sure you're dead right, just inspect Monsieur Fusenot's selection at the Ville de Paris.

This week I saw at Blackstone's some garments that made me simply green with envy. They have an enormous new arrival of those delicious linen shirt waist suits—some very elaborately embroidered and some absolutely plainly tucked. All linen or finest lawn, with dear little shirtwaists inserted or tucked with Japanese embroidery or the good old-fashioned English openwork, which must be mentioned always as "a L'Anglaise." These cool summer linens come all prices. You can purchase a very possible nice, tucked, linen gown for a five dollar bill, or, you can have a cherishable thing in lovely open-work, from \$35 to \$40. But it is to Blackstone's you must go for really beautiful embroidered linen frocks.

Before I close I must just casually mention that at George P. Taylor's establishment this week I saw some very attractive novelties in socks and silken underwear. It is de rigueur for our well dressed man thing this season to wear very fancy socks. They come in old gold with dark spots on the ankles or changeable silk in all sorts of fancy shades. The new thing in underwear which can only be found at Taylor's is an open work linen mesh, cool and porous, and I should imagine most desirable for the roasting hot weather we are expecting—though it cometh not so far. Well, my dear girl, I must once more say good bye.

Affectionately yours,
LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., June Fourteenth.

Over The Teacups

The event of the week was the Barlows' dance at Kramer's Hall Tuesday evening. The dance was given by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow for Mr. and Mrs. John Curry Barlow of Ossining, N. Y., who have been their guests for some weeks. Dr. Barlow and his gracious wife do not do things by halves as memories of the Barlow fete last summer will recall. The handsome and energetic doctor was determined to give his brother and sister-in-law an entertainment by which they would always remember Los Angeles and their hosts of good friends here. And so the Barlow dance was perhaps the most brilliant affair even given at Kramer's which indeed has witnessed many. Dr. Barlow personally superintended the decorations which were the skilful and artistic work of Capt. Gray. The colors used in the ball room were green, red and gold. The hostess wore pale pink satin with diamond ornaments, and Mrs. John Curry Barlow was also attired in pink—chiffon and lace.

Miss Leslie Thayer Green, Howard Huntington's fiancée, has been the most interesting personality here this week. The wedding, I am told, is to take place in August, at Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn gave a "family" dinner for Miss Green at the Country Club, Tuesday evening, the other guests being Mrs. E. B. Holliday and Mrs. Perkins of San Francisco, Mr. Henry E. Huntington and his son.

The set of John Drew's dress coat, and subsequently, his beautifully built riding breeches and leather encased calves, the gorgeousness of Margaret Dale's and Fanny Brough's tea-gowns were not the only things that the smart audience at the Mason on Wednesday night had to look at. For on one side of the house sat a past, though by no means passée, beauty of Los Angeles and on the other was a smaller, but quite as pretty, queen of the future. Mrs. Mark B. Lewis was the center of attraction in the box occupied by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Howell, and across the way was Miss Leslie Thayer Green with Howard Huntington, supported by H. E.,—looking exceedingly pleased at the prospect,—and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stewart. Young Huntington and his fiancée were in a party which occupied the three boxes on the left of the stage, which also included Mr. and

June Weddings

Our admirable facilities for engraving invitations, cards and announcements in correct form have been so well known for so many years that entire confidence in our ability has been established. There is not the slightest doubt that any work left with us will be absolutely right in every detail.

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Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnston, Mrs. Harry Bixby, Mrs. E. B. Holliday and Mrs. Perkins of San Francisco and Mr. A. D. Schindler. Miss Green looked very pretty and vivacious in a costume of blue; she is a brunette, petite and sparkling, and one would think is destined to make the most stoical of young men look lively. By the way, have you noticed that since Howard Huntington's engagement he no longer parts his hair in the middle?

Edward S. Sullivan, the handsome and popular manager of the Standard Oil Company here for many years, who left us some five months ago to superintend "the System's" interests in Japan, has taken unto himself a wife. The cable flashed the news, and friends had already been informed of the approaching event. The bride was Miss Carrie Sweigert of San Francisco, who with her mother was visiting Japan. The wedding took place in Yokohama last Wednesday. Miss Sweigert and Ed Sullivan have known each other since childhood, and "Sully's" hosts of friends rejoice at the crowning of a pretty romance. The bride's brothers, W. J. and Charles, are prominent attorneys in San Francisco. Miss Sweigert has frequently visited in Los Angeles and has many friends here. Although so many miles separate "Sully" from his friends, the health of the happy pair was drunk right royally and quite frequently last Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pridham left here on Wednesday last for Santa Barbara, where they will sojourn a month or more at the Potter. The many friends of the ever-radiant Mr. Pridham will be glad to know that he is surely even if slowly convalescing.

"What's so rare as a day in June?" Certainly not June brides. Their rareness for freshness and sweetness acknowledged, they are certainly not rare in point of numbers. There have been interesting weddings almost every day this month, and next week there will be another big bevy of beautiful brides. The wedding of the week for that of Miss Kitty McCormick, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. McCormick of 906 Santa Bonnie Brae St., to Mr.

Outing Shoes

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W. P. O'Meara, one of Salt Lake's rising and rich young men. The ceremony took place in St. Vibiana's cathedral, Bishop Conaty celebrating mass and Father Reardon, a close friend of the McCormicks, assisting. The bride, who wore an imported robe of hand-made lace over chiffon, was attended by Miss Mamie Young, attired in pale blue messaline with Duchesse point lace. Mr. O'Meara's brother was his best man.

Major E. W. Jones entertains the members of the Loyal Legion of Southern California at his home in San Gabriel this evening and provides for his guests a special car which leaves the Huntington building at 4:45 p. m.

Judge Enoch Knight, who left here yesterday for Yosemite Valley, will be followed by Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Caswell and Miss L. Levi on Wednesday next. Mrs. George A. Parkyns will also leave here for the Yosemite and Wawona in a day or two, to be absent several weeks.

Dr. F. K. Ainsworth acted as best man at the wedding last week in San Francisco of his friend, Mr. Redick McKee Duperu to Miss Anna Munroe.

When Mrs. J. E. Cowles returns from her eastern trip, writes my club correspondent, she will have much to tell regarding a national effort for the closer banding together of women's clubs throughout the country. Mrs. Cowles went as a representative of the California State Federation to the council at Atlantic City, N. J., and has been in consultation with other leading club-women as to ways and means of effecting a more substantial union among women of mutual interest along club lines. In the past few years a political spirit, creeping in here and there, has threatened to disrupt the general federation, or at least to cripple its work in many particulars. To avoid such a calamity is the earnest desire of every woman who realizes the original purpose of the club and appreciates the force that women may be if they persist in working together for the general good without reference to personal ambition. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, the present presiding officer of the General

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Federation, gave her fellow club women a salutary object lesson when she refused the presidency at the biennial held in Los Angeles. The refusal meant temporary renunciation of power, but she established a precedent that others will be apt to respect, while ultimately the glory of her election was greater than it otherwise could have been.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham is among the Friday Morning Club's most highly esteemed members, and the fact that she is again in comparatively good health is a matter of keen satisfaction. I see that she is announced for a paper to be read next week. Mrs. Graham had been very ill for many months, and has recovered slowly. Her wit as a writer and speaker is well known and the promised paper, coming as it will near the end of the club year, is anticipated as one of the choicest things the program committee has yet offered.

By the way, what is a "lovely luncheon"? I notice this is one of the pet phrases of one of our society reporters. Furthermore I notice that the term is applied to functions at which women only are present. Is it really possible to have a "lovely" luncheon without the other sex?

Among the guests at the Arcadia, Santa Monica, who have taken apartments for the summer are Rabbi and Mrs. Zielonka of El Paso, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Savage of San Francisco, and Mrs. Charles S. Sprague, son and daughter, of Denver, Colo.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth are visiting the Yosemite.

Mrs. J. Ernest Marsh of 2712 Brighton avenue has returned from the East.

Mrs. William M. Friesner and Miss Louise McFarland are at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. M. N. Avery and family are at Ocean Park for the summer.

Major and Mrs. Bice of 137 North Soto street are visiting in the Yosemite.

The Rev. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette left this week for Boston, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle are at their Terminal Island cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Treat have moved into their new residence at 2214 Western avenue.

Mrs. Fred L. Alles of 1252 Westlake avenue is entertaining Mrs. H. C. Stratford of Alameda.

Miss Mabel Hazard of 317 West Pico street is entertaining Miss Lillian Battles of Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tatum of 1149 South Burlington avenue have returned from the North.

Mrs. James Fisher of Boston is entertaining her son, Dr. James T. Fisher, of 913 Valencia street.

Mrs. C. C. Parker of 811 West Twenty-eighth street is entertaining Miss Ethel Shaw of San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker and the Misses Hunsaker have taken apartments at the Netherlands.

Mrs. M. M. Byrne and son of Bush street left this week for an extended trip in the East and abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wells have moved from 323 West Twenty-third street to 2637 Ellendale Place.

Mrs. George Fuller of 1352 Ingraham street is entertaining her niece, Miss Arcadia Scott of San Francisco.

Mrs. Frederick Gauze of Yokohama, Japan, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carl Adam, 2699 Orchard avenue.

Mrs. Margaret Hobbs of 2622 South Figueroa street is entertaining Miss Mary Mariner of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hunt of 1317 Westlake avenue are at 18 Dudley avenue, Ocean Park, for the summer.

Mrs. H. C. Coate of Hotel Welland is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Huddell of Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Myra Keller of 610 West Thirty-eighth street leaves next week for an extended visit in St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Edith Whitaker of 815 West Eighteenth street has returned from a seven months' sojourn in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Cope of 2301 Bellevue avenue are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James R. Arthur of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Noyes of 1811 Toberman street are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. John J. Quinn of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Messerly of 826 Burlington avenue are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Jessie W. Ball, of Lincoln, Neb.

Mme. Ida Hancock of 683 Carondelet street has been entertaining Miss Ellen Flood and Miss Alice Dean of San Francisco.

Mrs. William A. Austin and Miss Maude Austin of El Paso, Texas, have taken apartments at the Hotel Westlake for the summer.

Mr. Boaz Duncan of 1201 Lake street is entertaining his mother and sister, Mrs. T. J. Duncan and Miss Caroline Duncan of Waco, Texas.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hoyt of Chillicothe, Ohio, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson of 1436 South Flower street, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kays and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton have departed on their European trip. They will be away for six months and will visit all the countries of Europe.

Mrs. E. R. Brainerd and Mr. Edward Brainerd of 4900 South Pasadena avenue are at Yellowstone Park. Subsequently they will go to Alaska and will not be home till August 1.

Among Los Angeles people recently at the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica: Mr. and Mrs. John F. McLain, Mr. Robert Mitchell and son, Mr. A. D. Hunter, Mr. F. D. Kennedy, Mrs. Frank Simonds, Miss Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. del Valle, Mrs. S. W. Warregang, Mr. G. I. Kyte, Miss M. M. Gephard, Mrs. A. W. Rhodes, and Miss Blanche Rogers.

Receptions, Etc.

June 10.—Entre Nous Society, U. S. C.; banquet at Hotel Pepper.

June 10.—Miss Carmelita Troconiz, 1112 South Grand avenue; card party for Miss Kitty McCormick.

June 10.—Mme. Ida Hancock, 683 Carondelet street; theater party at the Mason for the Misses Ellen Flood and Alice Dean of San Francisco.

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June 10.—Mrs. Edward C. Magauran, 815 South Alvarado street; breakfast for Mrs. William Garland.

June 10.—Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, 760 Whittier street; luncheon for Miss Ethel Shaw of San Diego and Miss Maude Austin of El Paso.

June 12.—Miss Ruth Foster, 1138 West Twenty-eighth street; tea for Miss Alice Traynor and Miss Mary Mariner of San Francisco.

June 13.—Mrs. Mathew Robertson, West Eighth street; luncheon for Mrs. Mark B. Lewis.

June 13.—Mrs. Thomas Hughes, 1226 South Alvarado street; for the Sunshine Society.

June 13.—Mrs. C. C. Rutherford, 808 Whittier street; for Butterfly Whist Club.

June 13.—Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, 2317 South Figueroa street; dance for Mr. and Mrs. John Curry Barlow of Ossining-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

June 14.—The Misses De Laguna and Vance, 612 South Alvarado street; musical.

June 14.—Mrs. M. Lapham, 1112 Georgia street; for the Poppy Whist Club.

June 14.—Mrs. John B. Chaffey, West Tenth street; for Miss May Houston.

June 14.—Mrs. Arthur G. Wells, 2627 Ellendale Place; luncheon and tea for Miss Helen Wells.

June 14.—Mrs. Edith H. Osborne, 401 West Twenty-third street; for Miss Lois Narver.

June 15.—Mrs. Albert Crutcher, 1257 West Adams street; for Mrs. Frederick Gauze of Yokohama, Japan.

June 15.—The Misses Parsons and Dennen; dance at Kramer's for graduating class of Girls' Collegiate School.

June 15.—Mrs. John Shan, Tenth and Figueroa streets; linen shower for Miss Mayme Loomis.

June 15.—Mrs. C. B. McClure, First and Soto streets; for Washington Irving Club.

June 15.—Mrs. M. E. Spinks, 1049 Orange street; for Magnolia Whist Club.

June 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wilson, 517 South Boyle avenue; garden party.

June 16.—Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.; moonlight picnic at Westlake Park.

June 16.—Harvard Preparatory School; dance.

Anastasia's Date Book

June 17.—Mrs. John Singleton and Miss Graham, Singleton Court; garden party for Miss Claire Singleton of New York.

June 17.—Mrs. C. C. Parker, 811 West Twenty-eighth street; tea for Miss Ethel Shaw of San Diego.

June 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Coate, 940 South Broadway; for Mrs. Winfield Frank Huddel of Memphis, Tenn.

June 20.—Marlborough School students; dance at Kramer's.

June 21.—Mrs. Elon Farnsworth Wilcox, 2807 Hoover street; for Mrs. Otto Louis Erdt.

June 22.—Mrs. Will A. Harris, 929 West Ninth street; for Harmony Whist Club at Ocean Park.

June 24.—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobinson, Dobinson School; reception.

June 27.—Mrs. Wesley Clark and Miss Lucille Clark, 234 West Adams street; dancing.

Recent Weddings

June 10.—Miss Coral Simpkins to Mr. Roy Cogswell, at 2654 Vermont avenue.

June 11.—Miss Maybel Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sherman, to Mr. Carl L. Strang, at 818 West Eighteenth street.

June 12.—Miss Marion Cecilia Owen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopson Owen, to Mr. Gerald Patrick Ryan at 813 Kensington Road.

June 14.—Miss Kitty McCormick to Mr. William T. O'Meara of Salt Lake City, in St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

June 15.—Miss Emile A. Burt to Mr. Carl B. Gill at 957 Lake street.

Approaching Weddings

June 20.—Miss Caroline Mabel Hazard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hazard of 317 West Pico street, to Mr. Harry Gilman Folsom of Portland, Ore., in St. John's Church.

June 21.—Miss Ada Grove, daughter of Mrs. S. G. Grove of 218 West Eighteenth street to Mr. Joseph E. Strimple, at 218 West Eighteenth street.

June 21.—Miss May Houston, daughter of Mrs. George M. Houston of Vermont avenue, to Mr. Wallace Jones.

June 21.—Miss Lulu Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Frank D. Patterson of 2914 Budlong avenue to Mr. Charles Houston.

June 21.—Miss Sarah Ellen Evans, daughter of Mrs. Catherine W. Evans, to Mr. David Edwin Morgan, in the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

June 22.—Miss Ethel Coblenz to Mr. Herbert Atherton of Milwaukee at 1029 Florida street.

June 28.—Miss Juanita Eagar to Dr. James A. Jackson, in St. John's Episcopal Church.

June 28.—Miss Metta Glenne Oyler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Oyler, 1229 West Tenth street, to Mr. A. Edwin Shahan, in Trinity M. E. Church.

June 28.—Miss Della Edith Hunsaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunsaker, to Mr. Frank Murphy.

June 29.—Miss Florence Childs Vickers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Vickers of 624 West Twenty-eighth street, to Mr. Frank Allister McAllister, in St. John's Episcopal Church.

Engagements.

Miss Maude Aime Conwell, daughter of Mrs. C. T. Elder of Riverside, to Mr. H. J. Withers of New York City.



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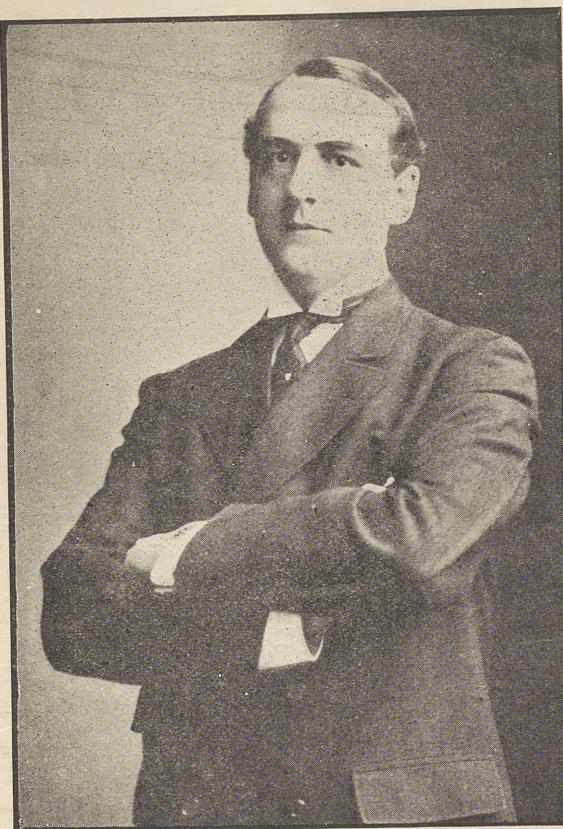
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On the Stage and Off



White Whittlesey at the Belasco

Mr. John Drew, who in the last few seasons, has not been particularly fortunate in the plays which the Syndicate selected for him, comes to us this year with a light, fantastic but entirely enjoyable comedy, or rather "farcical romance." It is written by Capt. Robert Marshall, whose "A Royal Family" was the most delightful of the lighter plays of the last decade. Capt. Marshall has a pretty wit, an aptitude for whimsical situations and sufficient familiarity with the persons of high degree that he borrows for stage purposes.

"The Duke of Killierankie" presented by Mr. Drew and a clever company, including two artists of rare merit, Fanny Brough and Ferdinand Gottschalk, has a thorny path in his pursuit of Lady Henrietta. The duke entices Henrietta to his castle in Scotland, with the idea of detaining her there until he wins her consent to wed him. He enlists the services of his friend, Pitt Welby, who also is pining because his suit is repudiated by Mrs. Mulholland, the widow of a glue-king. The conspirators persuade Mrs. Mulholland to chaperon the peculiar house party. The supper scene in the second act affords most comical situations. Neither the Lady Henrietta nor Mrs. Mulholland, who are bitter social enemies, has any idea as yet that they are captives, and they indulge in a perfect ping-pong of feline amenities, of which pastime the two men are discomfited witnesses. It is only when they discover their captivity that they join forces against the

common enemy. A week is spent in the castle under these absurd conditions, until both ladies discover that after all the duke and Pitt Welby are possible mates. Capt. Marshall's characterization is admirable, except that one shrinks from believing that so decent a fellow as Ian could have anything to do with such an insufferable toad—another epithet for Mrs. Mulholland—as Welby.

Mr. Drew finds no difficulty in impersonating a live English duke; he is certainly "to the manner born". So delightfully natural is Mr. Drew's method that the illusion is complete and you forget he is acting at all. In contrast to Drew's impassiveness, Mr. Gottschalk's expression is always mobile. Both are genuinely funny but approach the goal from entirely different routes.

Margaret Dale has made strides in her profession since last here in every direction except that of articulation. She still has a tendency to unnatural speech and this impresses her acting with artificiality. Fanny Brough's Mrs. Mulholland is to my mind the cleverest creation in the play. She is entirely natural and therefore thoroughly effective.

To add to the realism of the performance the clever quartet dawdle through the play, but the long pauses are not resented by the audience, who thus have plenty of time to study the ducal habit, to admire the skill of John Drew's tailor and the beauty of Margaret Dale.

Capt. Marshall's latest is a bright conceit and in the hands of these skilful and quite at home people provides an evening's excellent entertainment.

Do not miss "Chimmie Fadden" at the Belasco this week. As a play it is the veriest buncombe. But there are several features of the Belasco production that are thoroughly worth while. The opening scene, on the Bowery, is wonderfully well managed, a masterpiece on any stage and a marvel for a stock company. Some twenty children have been so skilfully drilled and directed that almost throughout the entire first act they are moving—and moving naturally. There is another triumph in this performance—and that is the Mrs. Murphy of Miss Marie Howe. Miss Howe has given many exceedingly clever character sketches during her months of work at the Belasco but this portrait of the bibulous, garrulous old harridan is exact in detail and perfect in expression. There are several other capital pieces of character work in the Belasco "Chimmie Fadden", notably Mr. Oberle's all too brief appearance as Perkins, the butler, and Mr. William Warren's Larry. Mr. Vivian in the title role, no doubt, is now giving much better performances than he did on the first night, when he had seriously handicapped himself by not knowing his lines. All he lacked on Monday night was confidence in himself and his lines to give an admirable performance. I am somewhat at a loss to understand the eulogies that have been heaped by the daily press on the pretty head of Miss Margaret Langham. To me her Miss Fannie was exceedingly amateurish and sometimes awkward.

Mr. Galbraith, the popular leading man, had a trying situation to face on his reappearance after his late illness. He was received with a warm welcome by the Belasco habitues, but had hardly anything to do but "stand around and look pleasant" until the later scenes. He was well supported in this trying situation by Mr. Dempster, who looked

handsome enough to have stepped out of a Gibson drawing but committed the indiscretion of wearing white socks with his pumps. The rest of the clever company, who have so thoroughly earned the holiday, which is to be their fortune for a few weeks, aequit themselves with much credit. "Chimmie Fadden" is not a play that is wont to leave impressions, but Miss Howe's Mrs. Murphy will stay with you for a long time.

As Miss Howe carries off the honors at the Belasco this week, so is Phosa McAllister's good work easily first at the Burbank. Neil Burgess's prolonged success as "Aunt Abby" in "The County Fair" was the success of farce; Phosa McAllister's success in the same part is genuine comedy. The rest of the company appears to more than usual advantage. Mr. Desmond proves that he has versatility by completely disguising himself as Joel Bartlett, the yokel. John Burton finds in Otis Tucker the exact measurements for his unctuous humor. Henry Stockbridge, Willis Marks, Mona Glendower and Blanche Hall, all do good work, and help to make this revival one of the most thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory performances at the Burbank for some time.

John C. Rice, the comedian with the expansive mouth, and his alert little partner, Sally Cohen, have a humorous sketch, cleverly acted at the Orpheum this week. The De Onzo Brothers, even in these days of eye-startling acrobacy, are wonderful in their barrel agitations. Mabelle Adams still commands a large share of public favor by her violin playing. The rest of the bill is well variegated and entertaining.

The salary to be paid to George Alexander when he plays the hero in Hall Caine's melodrama, "The Prodigal Son," in London next fall, is \$1250 a week, but, large as that figure is, the conditions under which it is to be paid make it more remarkable still. It is \$1250 a week for twelve weeks, paid in advance.

The total sum will be lodged in the bank for the actor to draw all at once—immediately after the first night, if he so chooses. This means that Mr. Alexander is guaranteed a "run" of three months, and in the unlikely event of "The Prodigal Son" proving less attractive than is anticipated, and being withdrawn before the expiration of that period, Mr. Alexander still receives his salary for the full term.

On the other hand, should the play continue longer than the stipulated twelve weeks, Mr. Alexander will receive additional emolument at the same rate, for each extra week of the "run."

Such generous terms as these have probably never before been paid to an actor, however eminent, under similar conditions.

In this connection it is interesting to note the weekly salaries of some of the great actors and actresses of recent times: Dan Leno, \$2,500; Lilian Russell, \$2,000; Yvette Guilbert, \$1,250; Edwin Booth, \$1,500; Ristori, \$1,500; Mme. Rejane, \$1,250; Sig. Salvini, \$1,000; M. Coquelin, \$1,000. Mme. Patti has received as much as \$5000 for a single night's singing; and Barnum paid Jenny Lind \$25,000 a week for ten weeks when she first appeared at Castle Garden, New York, in the early sixties.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—T. Daniel Frawley is certain of a royal welcome next Monday evening. He comes at the head of a Frohman Company in "Ranson's Folly", said to be the best play Richard Harding Davis has yet produced. The story is set in an army post in the West. Lieut. Ranson, the son of an Eastern millionaire, wearied of the routine at the post, makes a wager that he will hold up the stage coach with a pair of shears, and dance two hours later with the ladies the coach is bringing to the post. A genuine desperado holds up the stage, and suspicion falls on Ranson. Mary Cahill, the post trader's daughter and in love with Ranson, prevents a tragedy.

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Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, June 18

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Week Commencing Monday, June 19th

La Jolie Titcomb, "The South American Nightingale"; Empire City Quartette; Marvelous Merrills, Comedy Cyclists; Warren & Gardner, Comedians and Singers; De Onzo Bros., "The Acrobatic Coopers"; McConnell Sisters, Dancers; Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last week of the Great Comedy Couple, John C. Rice & Sally Cohen, in a new sketch.

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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

The Belasco Theater Stock Co.

"Chimmie Fadden"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, June 19

Special Engagement of the Young Romantic Actor

White Whittlesey

—IN—

"Sheridan" or, "The Maid of Bath"

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35, and 50c.

Morosco's Burbank—The stock company will be seen next week in a bright play, entirely new to Los Angeles, "The Spellbinder." Charles Dixon's comedy tells of the trials and tribulations of a young New York politician and of the difficulties that envelop him through his association with the Ruggles family, the old man flirt and the young man scapegrace.

Belasco—White Whittlesey, a young romantic actor who has achieved considerable prominence by some uncommonly intelligent and artistic acting, will become the temporary chief personage at the Belasco theater Monday night when he will commence a limited engagement with the regular stock company of the house. Whittlesey's initial appearance will be made in the name part of "Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath", described as a comedy of manners of a century ago. This is the play in which E. H. Sothern played in the largest cities of the East a few seasons ago. It is new to this city and should prove an exceptionally good offering, one well calculated to display Whittlesey's stage romanticism. Whittlesey will bring with him the leading lady of his recently terminated starring tour, Miss Eugenia Thais Lawton; Luke Conness for two years at the San Francisco Alcazar; Bertha Blanchard, a former Mansfield supporter and Louden McCormack, an actor of the old school, well versed in the ways and customs of the legitimate drama. Louden has just left Robert B. Mantell and ought to add much strength to the Belasco company in plays of the type of "Sheridan". Whittlesey's engagement with the Belasco company is being whooped up as an event of more than ordinary prominence and the management avers that it will prove to come up to the press agent's declarations.

Orpheum—La Jolie Titcomb, who has been christened "the South American nightingale", will be seen and heard next week. The Empire City quartet, undoubtedly the greatest comedy singing four on the stage, will make their first and only vaudeville appearance in this city. The Marvelous Merrills, comedy bicyclists, will reappear after an absence of two years. Rice and Cohen will be seen in a new skit; Warren and Gardner will continue to make fun for the millions; De Onzo Brothers will repeat their surprising work with barrels and the McConnell sisters will bring out new dances. New motion pictures will complete the bill.

Grand—"The Road to Ruin", which was one of the greatest of the successes of the Ulrich Stock Company last season, will be revived next week. The plot revolves around the scheming of a beautiful and unscrupulous adventuress who lures a young man from his home to the city to ruin him.

A clever caricature of James A. Bliss, the popular comedian of the Belasco Stock Company, is a feature of the current number of the New York Dramatic Mirror.

Fola Le Follette, a daughter of the Governor of Wisconsin, has joined the Proctor Company in Harlem.

John Drew has been elected president of the Players' Club. Mr. Drew is the third president of the Players. Edwin Booth served for the first five years, and Joseph Jefferson the subsequent twelve years. William Bispham was elected vice-president.

Hilda Spong had a unique house warming when she opened her new home at Amityville last Tuesday evening. Many of her guests took with them various animals to give her a start as a farmer.

In the Musical World

It is without doubt a most salutary and healthful thing that we should occasionally range ourselves before the mirror of self-examination and ask frankly, "Who are you, and what do you amount to, anyway? Are you doing any particular good in the world, or are you just plain cumberers of the earth, as all our fathers were?"

For, really and honestly, you know, it seems to me a mighty poor travesty on the high intent of life if we are not doing something true and something vital in the upbuilding of the little world within which we move and have our being.

So, my brothers and sisters of the critical craft, it may serve more than passing good purpose to be peremptorily rounded up and forced into severe introspection by so unquestionable an authority as W. Francis Gates of the Evening Express—"the only daily in the city which has an educated musician in the position of musical critic", to quote Mr. Gates's own work "The Musicians of Los Angeles".

Musical criticism is largely on a newspaper basis rather than on an artistic foundation. I do not know of one case in which the three necessary elements of good criticism are present. I would rank these three as follows: first, a journal of general circulation; secondly, musical knowledge and literary ability sufficient to make the critic's dictum authoritative—in so far as one person's judgment can be; thirdly, absolute freedom from advertising and other considerations. Occasionally, two of these elements are present, but the lack of the other negatives much of their good effect. As a general thing, what is true of eastern newspapers, save in certain shining examples, is true in the west: the musical columns contain reports, but not criticism. The pianist's hair and his mannerisms are described and the usual gamut of adjectives is worked over as to his performance. But of analysis, there is none, for the reporter has not the musical education that permits him or her to distinguish between a diminished seventh chord and an augmented ninth; between bassett horn and saxophone; or between French and Italian. The society writer is detailed to "write up" a symphony concert; the political reporter is sent to an artist's recital. And when the dignity of a signed article is reached he "I" is larger than the artist.

This extract from a lengthy general article in the June "Etude" is given partly because I am of opinion that if we are as bad as this the public really ought to know it, and partly because I think it might be interesting to ferret out the particular shortcomings of each one of us, and thereupon set to work with a properly chastened spirit to bring about a better order of things.

Wherein, then, shall we say that Miss Constance Skinner of the Examiner fails? Certainly not on the "journal of general circulation" side; for the Examiner's manager gravely assures us of the largest circulation in town. Nor can the musical power be at fault, for Miss Skinner can surely speak as confidently of the intricacies of a Strauss symphony as

of Ysaye's triple stopping and Ellen Beach Yaw's B in altissimo. Still less can the "advertising and other considerations" find any favor, for anyone who knows Miss Skinner knows full well that consideration for anything or anybody apart from prime news and "good stuff" is the last thing thought of. So we are forced to the conclusion that Miss Skinner falls down on "literary ability"—a perfectly horrible conclusion to my mind, because I have always been a great admirer of the Skinner picturesque style and pungent mode of expression.

And now comes a particularly vigorous kick against the pricks in that a black mark has to be put against Mrs. Kinkaid, a perfectly charming woman who appeals to me so strongly on all scores—be they personal or artistic. Happily, it is possible to fall back on the "other considerations" clause. Of what shape these may be I have not the slightest idea; but I am sure they are something very thoughtfully generous, very womanly and altogether kind.

With Julian Johnson, my capable young friend of "The Times," the course is clear sailing. Unassailable on all matters musical (I doubt whether even Mr. Gates's fearsome bugaboo of an augmented ninth would give him a momentary spasm of uncertainty), possessing literary ability enough to found a characteristic and floral style of his own, having no advertising axes to grind and being supremely indifferent to "other considerations"—there remains the one only and purely impersonal alternative that *The Times* does not fill the bill as a journal of general circulation.

Of my own position in the face of this arraignment my readers will readily see how peculiarly delicate a matter it is for me to speak at all—the more especially as, in company with Miss Skinner, I find myself pilloried by Mr. Gates's final paragraph. But the painful duty must not be shirked—it shall not be shirked. So let me say that for general circulation the *Graphic* of course leads them all—for the reason that only one-fifth of Los Angeles readers read any one newspaper, whereas everybody reads the *Graphic*. Secondly, our literary ability is acknowledged our long suit; and as for "authority," why, we never think so—we are always sure. Thirdly, we never advertise anything or anybody because advertising requires a nice delicacy of touch to which we are an utter stranger. Hence, I fear I am forced to the conclusion that we must be short on musical knowledge, unblessed with musical judgment, unhelped by musical experience—than which nothing could well be more pitiful in the eyes of a weary, waiting world.

I cannot find it in my heart to close this book of lamentations without quoting three other extracts from Mr. Gates's tale of woe, because in them I find the one ray of hope that from the other side of the footlights (from among the doers of things) may arise an American Hercules who shall purge our uncritical Augean stable and lead us boldly on to regeneration—even if it takes all of the twenty-five years foretold by our mentor.

Like in the rest of the country, there is a certain proportion that are carried away with the "Herr" or "Signor" or "Monsieur" (self-dubbed). In some cases the proprietors of these prefixes come from the countries they indicate. In others, and more ludicrous, the title was attached in a visit to that country. We still are provincial in that respect. But

there is gradually spreading the idea that there is no better instructor than the wide-awake American who has studied hard under good teachers and who has had opportunities to hear plenty of first-rate music.

San Francisco has had her Otto Bendix, Hugo Mansfeldt, her Stewart, her Anton Schott; Los Angeles has Max Heinrich, Etta Edwardes, Bernhard Mollenhauer, Henry Schoenfeld, and others. (Happy thought! Let us arise and give thanks for the saving grace of this little "and others."—Ed.) There is no lack of good instruction in various lines, though there still lingers in the minds of the people the corollary of that idea which used to permeate the east.

* * * *

As a whole, the matter may be summed up in these few words: The Pacific Coast is a good place to spend one's declining days, or after a moderate competency has been acquired, to "sing a little tenor, teach a little baritone," or to do a small amount of piano or violin work. The energetic man who must have his time fully occupied, for peace of mind and pocketbook, will not be satisfied with present conditions. In twenty-five years things will be different.

So, my dear Mr. Gates, all is not lost. Cheer up! It may not be true, anyway. Even the best of us find these pessimistic moods pestering and harassing us once in a while, and at such times it is, doubtless, a blessed relief to sit down and have it out in a furious duet between our bluest mind and our blackest pen. Write? Oh, yes; let us write all we will. Pile up the agony! Burn 'em up! Smash 'em! Lash 'em! Dash 'em to the very bottom of our bottomless abhorrence! Write? Indeed, yes; write until the gladsome sun shines again and pessimism flies out of the window—but publish? Nay, nay!

On Monday evening Mr. Skeele tempted me to the unwonted excitement of a commencement concert by shadowing forth an excellent program for his University College of Music concert, and I am glad to say that I had an unexpectedly good time.

Of course, most of the numbers were more or less "schooly"—as, indeed, they should be. To bud the

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young idea on feverish Chopin stock and look for wholesome fruit is the common modern madness. Wise Mr. Skeele in that he passes the responsibility to the riper years of discretion!

The mood of some audiences is in one sense much like the peace of God—it passeth all understanding; and this particular audience was quite a case in point. Why, for instance, Miss Leila Webster's pretty contralto voice, the Stradella overture for eight hands and organ (really the most taking thing on the program) and the Chopin-Schuetz paraphrase should have met with such scant favor, while the Prior male quartet brought down the house is altogether beyond my powers of appreciation. But, then, a male quartet is an absolute "cinchacure" (as some infernal jokist has it) with the average audience, and I suppose there is no use blinking our eyes over the fact.

Altogether it was a nice little concert, even if the preponderance of the everlasting piano solo element is always somewhat of a trial to the flesh in affairs of this order. The last moving picture on the program should really have been seen by all true lovers of the artistic—the jaunty, comfortable figure of John Douglas Walker hemmed in by sixteen as dainty sirens as mortal man could possibly pray for. Ah, me! Eh? The singing, say you? Oh, I surmise that was all right enough. But I really wasn't listening, you know. Looking, one may so easily forget all else—and I imagine that tells the story.

It gives me pleasure to rescue from the impenetrable jungledom of a daily newspaper Otheman Stevens's eloquent tribute to the musical powers of the Salt Lake folk:

Nothing more impressive in the visit of the Angelenos has occurred than the organ recital and choral concert given by the Mormon church tonight at the Tabernacle.

Apostle John Henry Smith welcomed the Californians in an address radiant with fraternity and patriotism. The great chorus of well trained voices and the wonderful organ under the hands of J. J. McClellan proved a revelation of undreamt of artistic resources in a sect with which success in practical and prosaic lines has obscured the public vision of their other qualities.

Every one at this kindly greeting and exhibition of rare musical qualities can re-echo the sentiment expressed by J. Ross Clark as he left the great building: "These are certainly a wonderful people."

Otheman Stevens on any subject other than music is sure to be worth while. Regarding the awesome spectacle of Otheman Stevens sitting in judgment on music as an art I express no opinion. Were I so foolish there would probably result a Steveish opinion of my opinion—and I am getting somewhat leary of these clever young fellows.

The Ellery Band is at Cincinnati's Zoo and making a huge success of it, Ferullo coming in for his customary share of variegated notice at the hands of the press boys.

Ferullo is all right, and neither panegyrics nor philippies can sway me one iota from the fixed opinion that, all in all, he is the best exponent of his own type of work yet vouchsafed to us.

Ferullo has his oddities, of course. Which of us is free from oddity, for that matter? My goodness! Some of his most virulent critics are probably the oddest things on earth—if they only knew it. But

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who cares? Ferullo gets what he is after--and that's the thing!

The Los Angeles Operatic Club, a new organization fathered and directed by Mr. Dupuy, is to give the dear old "Pirates of Penzance" at the Dobinson on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week.

The Club is largely composed of young students of our more prominent teachers: Mrs. Kempton, Miss Ebbert, Miss Winston, Mr. Paul, Mr. Poulin, Mr. Rubo, Mr. Dupuy and others--young students who hold promise and hopes of an operatic career.

Mr. Paul should be fitted like a glove (No. 11½, broad guage) with the role of "Frederick", the parts of the Pirate King and the Sergeant falling to Claude Reed and W. J. Lambert respectively, while "Bartlett" Salyer and W. L. Heller make themselves responsible for the fun.

In Mrs. Robert Smith, (formerly Ethel Fults,) there should be an ideal "Mabel"; for of spontaneously beautiful voices there was none more attractive to me as I heard it a couple of years ago. And Mabel Tresslar, too, is at last to have her chance in a leading contralto role. This girl has a great natural voice, and it is only her diffidence and her Pasadena Church position which have kept her out of the Los Angeles public eye of late years.

I hope the Club will be given a good send off by the general public. Tickets are now obtainable at Bartlett's.

The Woman's Lyric Club will give its third and closing concert of the season at the Simpson on Thursday evening next, the 22nd, under Mr. Poulin's direction. The excellent program is as follows:

Entrance of the Gods (Rheingold)	Wagner
Fairy's Slumber Song	Bartlett
Solo, Mrs. G. W. Le Sage.	
Contralto Solo, "Nobil Signor"	Meyerbeer
Miss June Nutting.	
In May	Parker
God in Nature	Schubert
Danse of the Fays	Stevenson
Organ Solo.	
Mr. W. F. Skeele.	
Soprano Solo, "Elsa's Dream"	Wagner
Miss Mabel Runge.	
Minuet	Stair
Mammy's Lullaby	Abbie Norton Jamison
The Rose in the Garden	Niedlinger
Solo, Miss May Caldwell.	
The Hour of Parting	Marzo

The Club, being managed upon the Associate Membership principle, only issues unallotted tickets of admission upon proportionate footing--and this through the active members alone.

The final Ellis Club Concert of the season will be given at the Simpson on Tuesday evening, the 27th, under the direction of Mr. Poulin, Miss Louise Nixon Hill being the soloist. Brightness of character is to be the prevailing characteristic on this occasion, the customary more serious tone giving place for the nonce to a dash of Southern color. There is even a whisper of castanets and tambourines and dark skinned Spanish beauties in black and red and yellow! But maybe somebody is just talking in his sleep. Nevertheless, I would make a note of the 27th, were I in your place.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

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The Consolidated Bank, doing business in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, will try to raise its capital stock to \$500,000 by popular subscription.

The officers of the new Hollywood National, which has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000 are: President, E. O. Palmer; vice president, E. J. Marshall; cashier, C. G. Greenwood. These gentlemen and Paul de Longpre, P. J. Beveridge, Wellington Clark and John S. Cravens constitute the board of directors.

C. C. Chapman has purchased the interest of President McEndree in the State Bank at Fullerton and has been elected president. Cashier Percival also sold his stock in the bank and has gone East. Mr. McEndree and family will move to Los Angeles. E. K. Benchley, who also purchased stock in this bank, and C. C. Chapman were elected directors, succeeding McEndree and Percival.

Financial

Application has been made by the Bank of Huntington Beach to be converted into the First National Bank. It will have a capital stock of \$25,000.

The Hollywood National Bank will open July 1, with a capital stock of \$25,000. Dr. E. O. Palmer is president and G. C. Greenwood is cashier.

The Miners & Merchants Bank of Bisbee will establish a branch institution in the new E. B. Mason building at Lowell.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the German-American Savings Bank J. M. Schneider and Walter Haas were elected directors to fill vacancies on the board. Mr. Schneider is the president of the J. W. Robinson company, proprietors of the Boston dry goods store. Mr. Haas is well known as former city attorney.

Frank C. Bolt, president of the San Gabriel Valley Bank of Pasadena, leaves this week for a three months' trip to Europe.

L. J. Rice, teller in the Redlands National Bank, has accepted the position of cashier of the American National Bank of San Diego.

The State Bank Commissioners have issued a license to the new Security Savings and Trust Bank of San Diego. This is the bank organized by Julius Wangenheim with a capital of \$125,000.

Leonard Perrin the Pasadena banker, was married at Avalon, Catalina Island, on June 13 to Mrs. Hattie E. Horne of Los Angeles.

The Home Savings Bank of Whittier has published a statement showing resources and liabilities of \$124,352.19 on May 29. The Whittier Commercial Bank on the same date had resources and liabilities to the amount of \$294,191.49.

Bonds.

Redlands school district voted June 3 in favor of issuing \$5000 bonds.

Cienega school district votes June 16 on an issue of \$1200 school bonds.

San Bernardino is discussing a \$50,000 bond issue for street improvements.

The \$3,000 Springdale school district bond issue has been sold to the Adams-Phillips Co. for \$37 premium.

The La Graciosa school district (Santa Barbara Co.) will vote June 26 on a \$3500 school bond issue.

An ordinance providing for the issuance of bonds of the city of Pasadena in the amount of \$931,250 for municipal improvement and confirming the sale of twenty-five thousand dollars of said bonds has been adopted.

The date of the San Diego water bond election has been fixed on July 22. With all propositions included the total issues will aggregate \$473,400.

Monrovia advertises the sale of \$2000 Carnegie Library bonds and \$6000 for water purposes.

It is probable that the county of Los Angeles will be asked to bond itself for \$1,000,000 for the improvements that are absolutely necessary. Among these improvements are the building of a Hall of Records, additions to County Hospital, for the county farm, a new detention home, and for needed additions to the county jail.

The Adams-Phillips Co. has refused to accept the \$4500 Lompoc school bond issue, on the ground that the proceedings of the school board were not in conformity with law and would invalidate the issue.

W. S. Whitney's suit against the city of Santa Ana to invalidate the \$60,000 issue of electric light bonds, has been given a body blow by Judge West in an opinion sustaining the contention of attorneys for the city that the grounds alleged in the complaint are sufficient to constitute a cause for action.

The \$6000 bond issue by the voters of Toluca, for school purposes, has carried.

San Fernando will vote on a \$1000 school bond issue on July 1.

San Pedro is discussing a \$100,000 bond issue for a municipal water system.

Santa Barbara (city) is offering \$40,000 water bonds for sale.

The California Fruit Growers' Association will meet at San Bernardino July 24 to vote on a \$50,000 bond issue.

Hollywood votes June 27 on a \$15,000 street improvement issue.

Lordsburg is considering a \$15,000 school bond issue, instead of a \$12,000 issue which was first proposed.

The Tropico school bond issue of \$12,000 will be sold by the Los Angeles County Supervisors on July 12th. The Lankershim school district bonds, \$6000, will be sold July 10. The Los Nietos high school bonds, \$20,000, will be sold July 10.

The Fremont school district, Los Angeles county, votes July 8 on an issue of \$7000 school bonds.

The bond issue of the Cajon school district aggregating \$3500 will be sold by the San Diego supervisors on June 29.

Glendora has voted an issue of \$7000 school bonds.

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Blue Star Claret	- - -	per gallon	75c
White Star Zinfandel	- - -	per gallon	75c
Blue Star Zinfandel	- - -	per gallon	\$1

Delivered at your Door in Los Angeles
or Pasadena

208-210 South Spring Street
Wilcox Building

Drink Puritas

Don't waste time and energy
boiling or filtering the city water.

Neither renders it pure and
healthful for drinking purposes.

Just order a demijohn of Puritas
Distilled Water.

Puritas is pure and wholesome--
the only reliably pure drinking water
to be had hereabouts.

5 gallons of Puritas cost but 40c.

Phone Exchange 6, either service.



**L. A. Ice & Cold
Storage Co.**